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MONEY.

We shall suppose a young man of the style of the young men of the last-century essayists, who were assailed of a morning, as they walked forth into the country, by the two contending goddesses of virtue and vice, each alike eager to secure him as a subject. He is a respectable and well-meaning young man as may be, and having as yet no knowledge of the world, he is anxious to learn the best maxims upon some of the principal concerns of his race, and particularly upon that of money. This he endeavours to do by consulting books and men, his papa and his tutor being included amongst the latter. Our object is to convey some sort of idea of what he learns from these various sources upon the subject in question.

On consulting the oracles of ancient wisdom, he finds a general inclination to pronounce a moderate amount of worldly goods to be quite enough. "Nature furnishes what nature absolutely needs," says Seneca. "That man is not poor," says Horace, "who has the use of necessary things." "Men live best upon a little," says Claudian; "nature has granted to all to be happy, if the use of her gifts be but known." Juvenal is clear that "the care of a large estate is an unpleasant thing." Even to be quite penniless is thought not amiss by some of these sages. "Naked," says the Sabinian bard—what a pretty figure he must have cut if he had done literally what he says—"naked I seek the camp of those who covet nothing: those who require much are ever much in want." And Juvenal does not fail to tell us that "the traveller without a purse laughs in the face of the robber." The same gentleman adds, rather snappishly (of course he was poor himself), "We do not commonly find men of common sense amongst those of the highest fortune." And he at once assumes, that only wealthy ignoramuses ever ridicule the worn and torn doublet, the greasy gown, and rent and patched shoe, of the poor man of talents. These gentlemen are also very severe upon avarice. The miser they hold to be poor amidst the greatest wealth. He wants as much what he has as what he has not. And his vice is constantly on the increase from its gratification. In fact, the ultra rich and careful are a good deal pitied by authors in general, as being a class of men who have no proper enjoyment of life. La Bruyere remarks, that in youth they lay up for age; in age, for death. And Cowley calls out—

"Why dost thou hoard up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it? * *
Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem.
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil."

Only Horace has the candour to suppose that the hoarder has any pleasure in hoarding. He makes one say, "The people hiss me, but I applaud myself at home when I contemplate my shiners in the chest." Then wealth always appears to our verse-making philosophers so extremely uncertain a possession. "Fortune," according to Seneca, "keeps faith with no one." "Delighted with her cruel occupation," says Horace, "and eager to play her insolent game, she is constantly changing honours from head to head, and her more solid gifts from hand to hand."

"Fortune as blind as he whom she did lead,
Changing her feature often in an hour,
Fantastically carrying her head,
Soon would she smile, and suddenly would frown;
And with one breath her words were sweet and sour:
Upon stark fools she amorously would glance,
And upon wise men coyly look askance."

About her neck, in manner of a chain,
Torn diadems and broken sceptres hung;
If any on her steadfastly did lean,
Them to the ground despitely she flung;
And in this posture, as she passed along,
She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,
Which she to sots and arrant idiots threw."

Thus was she allegorised by our own Drayton. One might almost suppose that the chief reason why these literary people despised her, was her so-dismal want of discrimination. Their spite at "the wealthy fool" has stood from the days of Juvenal down to those of Burns and O'Keefe, and will probably be kept up for a few ages to come. Talent, or even mere virtue, are in their eyes infinitely to be preferred. "The praise of riches and beauty," says Sallust, "is frail and transitory: virtue alone is clear and eternal."

Our young man will find, from a number of other expressions scattered up and down the books of remote and recent times, that money will not stay the hand of death, or even alleviate pain; that there are many diseases which it cannot cure; and that it cannot be carried beyond the grave. He will learn that it exposes to envy, that it tempts to extravagance and vice, and corrupts and destroys the souls of men. Prosperity, he will find, often obscures good qualities, which adversity develops. He will hear Virgil exclaiming, "Oh, cursed love of gold, to what dost thou not compel the human breast!" and Seneca remarking, with the look of one giving a warning against mortal danger, that poison is generally drunk out of gold. The respectable young man, it will be thought, must begin to be much staggered by all this, and must incline to retire into some wilderness where the filthy lucre was never heard of. But not so fast. He will discover, in the course of his researches, fully as many testimonies to the value and importance of money, albeit sometimes expressed with a slight shade of ironical humour. Let us see.

That very same Augustan minstrel who spoke boldly of going naked to the camp of those who desire nothing, tells us, elsewhere, to make a fortune by honest means if possible, but by all means to make a fortune; that money is to be sought in the first place, and virtue after money; and that all divine and human affairs—virtue, fame, and honour—obey the alluring influence of riches. "Both birth and good conduct," he says, "unless sustained by wealth, are more worthless than tangle." "He is ready to do whatever you wish, who has lost his purse." "Venus and the goddess of eloquence conspire to deck out the monied swain." He speaks of the shame of being poor, and more than insinuates that it is a condition which induces meanness of conduct. How our young man is to reconcile all this with our former quotations, we do not well see. The one remark as to the man who has lost his purse, seems directly to the opposite purpose of that of Juvenal respecting the happiness of not having a purse at all. But there are more puzzling things still, for Juvenal is not consistent with himself. He tells, that whence you take away wealth is of no consequence, but it is most important for you to have it. "Every man's credit and consequence is measured exactly by the cash in his chest. The oath of a poor man is not taken, because he is believed to have no sense of religion, and to be unknown to the gods themselves." "Those rise with difficulty," he says, "whose virtues and talents are depressed by poverty." Nay, more—"who," he says, "will embrace even virtue herself, if you take away her rewards?" meaning that good incomes, benefices, places, and pensions, need to go with virtue, in order to give

* Horace.

her any chance of being followed by the bulk of mankind: which, again, is quite at issue with an assertion of our James Thomson—

"the generous pride of virtue
Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns
Her bounty meets with—like the liberal gods,
From her own gracious nature she bestows,
Nor stoops to ask reward."

Juvenal tells us, that "the loss of money is deplored with real tears," and that "poverty must ever be ill to bear, because it makes men ridiculous." "Valour, Peace, Virtue, Faith, and Concord," he adds, "have their temples; but Gold, though it has none, is, nevertheless, the greatest divinity of them all." Clearly, Juvenal might as well have not said a word on the subject, for any light that our young man is to derive from him. It is the same with them all. For every panegyric upon moderation and poverty, there might be adduced an aspiration after wealth, and an assertion of the power which it gives and the pleasure which it purchases. Anacreon, an excellent authority on such a point, makes gold the best friend of love. "Vain is noble birth [younger brothers!], vain worth and wit [poor-devil authors!], in forwarding the lover's suit; so be he wants the glittering metal." Horace himself, who wished to go naked to the tents of the virtuous poor, admits that it has more than the thunder's force; that it makes its way through wakeful guards and even solid walls, and tames the most savage men. "He who has coin," says Petronius Arbitrator, "may sail securely; he will get the fairest maid to wife; his verses will be thought beautiful; his pleadings in the courts will be irresistible; his every wish will be gratified; in short, he who has gold, has Jove himself enclosed in his chest." "Wealth gets honour and friends," says Ovid; but "friends are always distant from the unfortunate," adds Seneca. "The smell of gain is good, from whatever it proceeds," said Vespasian, when his son Titus reproached him for a tax upon a somewhat mean commodity. Even the simple happy time which the poets dream of as having once blessed the earth—what name do they give it but the golden age? Gold, says Shakespeare by the mouth of Timon,

"will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; cowards, valiant;
—bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, kness, and approbation,
With senators on the bench."

Hitherto, our young man has chiefly seen the positive part of the subject treated, while the negative has only been glanced at. Let us now follow him in his direct investigations as to poverty. Poverty is generally well spoken of in books. Burns vociferously asks—

"Is there for honest poverty,
Who hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that."

Cowper addresses the inmates of a poor cottage—

"I praise ye much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard-earned,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office."

Here special cases are in question; it is honest poverty in the one, and independent poverty in the other. But throughout the whole of literature, there are seen leanings to the proposition, that virtue generally dwells in humble scenes, and that the frugal hard-working life of the poor man is not merely upon the

whole, but absolutely and in all respects, the happiest. An old English poet puts the case in very sweet verse :

"Ah, what is love? It is a little thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too;
For kings have care that wait upon a crown,
And care can make the sweetest loves unfrown;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too;
For kings bethink them what their state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire;
Ah then, ah then, &c.
He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, and doth the king his meat,
And blither too;
For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup;
Ah then, ah then, &c.
Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down,
More sounder too;
For care can kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill;
Ah then, ah then, &c.
Thus with his wife he spends his year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?"

Collate this, however, with a passage from "Nature's sternest painter, but the best"—

"see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the dogstar's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and tell to some explorer;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And board up aches and anguish for their age;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When the warm pores imbibe the evening dew.
There you may see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;
Yet urged along, and proudly bent to yield,
He strives to join his fellows in the field;
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects the poor peasant;
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.
Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely healthy fare,
Pleasant and plain, that happy peasants share?
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely, not wholesome, plain, yet phœnixous, such
As you who praise would never deem to touch.
Ye gentle souls who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sunset please;
Go, if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire;
Or theirs, that off-spring round the feeble fire
Or hers, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand."

Or, if suspicion be entertained of anything in ragged lines, read certain statistical epics prepared by certain commissions, snatches of which we have from time to time adopted into these pages.

So much for what has been said about money: let us just inquire, for a moment, how the thing itself has acted in history. Ask the sage and the poet, and they will tell you of states, like individuals, existing in a simple and uncorrupted state, secure by virtue of their having no wealth to tempt the spoiler; but was it in the wealthiest times of England that she suffered from the predaceous Dane? Rome was corrupted by wealth, and fell; but is Turkey falling through that cause? We hear of poor patriots, who nobly defend their country almost without money. American independence was secured with little cash; and France fought like a wild cat in 1793, while her assignats were depreciated as low, almost, as copper is below gold. But money is, after all, the only sinews of war that can be very certainly depended on. In the contest which Spain carried on in the sixteenth century for the re-subjugation of the Netherlands, it is acknowledged that the king, though he had the now-discovered Indies at his back, yet chiefly lost ground for want of money. His troops often mutinied for payment of arrears; parties of them would break away altogether, seize upon some strong place as their headquarters, and plunder the country for their subsistence, paralysing their commander not merely by their absence, but the uncertainty, if active steps were taken, how many of the troops who yet nominally adhered to him would remain. Upon one occasion, from wrath at want of pay, the garrison of a town, which was the key of a series of future operations, abandoned it to the enemy. On the other hand, the Dutch troops, having comparatively regular pay, or, at least, confidence in the anxiety of their employers to settle accounts honestly, never failed in their duty. There were great principles involved in the contest; but gold gained the victory.

Verily, the soul of our young man must now be a good deal astonished at the various reports from various, and even from the same, quarters—from talk and from fact—with regard to riches and poverty, and also moderation. Nor will his understanding of the subject be much cleared by anything he can learn from his father, tutor, and the living world around him. Moralists and preachers will tell him that it

is dreadful to give up the mind to the pursuit of wealth, and there will be a general echo of the sentiment of Beau Tibbs, that something nice and a little is best; but the compulsion of human necessities is upon the moralists and preachers themselves, who, having wives requiring dresses, and children clamorous of bread and butter, and finding, further, that philosophy forms no excuse from the payment of Christmas bills, are eager for money at the very moment when they are theoretically declaiming against it. Almost all men of thought and feeling speak highly of virtuous poverty: it is delightful to the human heart to think of happiness and content in simple circumstances, as those of the shepherd, and hence the charm of much pastoral poetry. But while all are willing, theoretically, to praise poverty, none are willing to descend into it. All, on the contrary, are eager to escape from it, as if the chief good lay in the opposite. And there is not a merchant who, in arranging the salaries of his clerks, does not recognise the principle that the larger sum purchases the superior morality as well as the superior talent. Is it possible to draw for our young man anything like reason out of all this mass of confusion? We shall humbly make the attempt.

It is quite true that little is absolutely necessary for our wants, as the sages have so often said; meaning thereby our primary wants, or what tends barely to support life. But a great mistake is made in considering these as the whole range of wants. Besides the food and external comfort essential to bare existence, the mental faculties have an endless range of desires, the gratification of which is so much added to the enjoyment of life; as, for instance, the taste for elegances of all kinds, the appetite for instruction, the delight in exercising influence over, and even in succouring and relieving, one's fellow-creatures. The desire of making fair and pleasing appearances in his person, his home, and all that is his, is one of which the gratification is less important, but it is as natural a want of man's heart as the appetite for food itself. It is no wonder, then, that the maxim as to the sufficiency of a very little has never received the least practical regard from man. He goes on ever eager to acquire, because, generally speaking, each new step in acquisition tends to gratify a newly-developed want of his nature. His acquisitions will not, it is true, save from many of the evils of life, or stay the fell hand of death, or accompany him beyond the grave; but they will not the less, on that account, obtain many advantages to the healthy living possessor who knows how to make a good use of them; and this all men feel in their inner nature, though men who set down their thoughts in writing speak generally in a different manner. The sneers and sarcasms at the wealthy, unless where they are really directed against the abuses of wealth, must only be regarded as escapes of bitter feeling on the part of the less fortunate. Riches, in themselves, derogate from no one. It is only when they harden or enslave the heart, or are attended by the insanity of miserliness, that they are to be justly made a subject of ridicule or censure.

That evil results, in many instances, from wealth, is sufficiently manifest; but it is not certain, on this account, that virtue is only safe in the midst of penury, or even in moderate circumstances. Nor, because the wealthy are often miserable, is it certain that happiness dwells chiefly with the humble. It may be quite true, that no elevation such as riches bring about, insures perfect purity and amiableness of character, and that content is found nowhere; and yet there may be a more steady connexion between virtue and easy circumstances, and also between content and easy circumstances, than between the same things and poverty. The poor escape many temptations and many cares which beset the rich; but, alas! have they not others of a fiercer kind proper to their own grade? Let the statistician make answer. It is only, indeed, to be expected, that an increasing ease of circumstances should be, upon the whole, favourable to moral progress, for it is what industry tends to; and industry is a favoured ordination of heaven, if ever anything on earth could be pronounced to be such.

A little careful examination will show how the fact is so. In narrow circumstances, the more immediately selfish feelings are almost unavoidably called into strong play, and the very means of exercising the more generous feelings are wanting. The improvement which is to be derived from a high cultivation of intellect and taste is almost completely denied. Easy circumstances naturally tend, with the great majority of mankind, to the exactly opposite effects and consequences. It is true that the poor are often as remarkable for genuine kindness to each other as for the constancy and fortitude with which they submit to their many privations; but it would be preposterous to expect from them either the will or the power to exercise the benevolence which finds play in so many various shapes amongst the affluent. A few candid confessions from men who have passed from the one condition to the other, would, we believe, set this question at rest in a moment. Perhaps in the wish which is naturally felt to think gently of the humbler portion of the community, the moral importance of money has never been fully considered. Yet it might be well for that class itself, if this point were made a little more clear. The moral importance of money is, in reality, very great; and, amongst the wonderful powers which the poets are so fond of as-

cribing to it, they might have reckoned, with perfect seriousness, that of transforming men from the slave, who thinks only of selfish and present gratifications, into the free, independent, and reflecting being, who, in the very increase of his own wants, finds that he can be more generous to his fellow-creatures. For this reason, there is no revolution in the history of an individual so important, if not in itself, at least in its consequences, as that which takes place at the moment of the first saving. The commencement of a deposit in a savings-bank is the crisis of many a moral destiny; and this is simply because, from that moment, the individual ceases to be the slavish dependent, looking upward, and having no self-respect, and becomes the independent man, free from all bondage but that of kindness to his fellows, of which he now, for the first time, possesses the means.

Our young man will now see that money, while the possession of it is liable to abuse, and the want of it often is the accompaniment of virtue, while it is possible to attain it at too great a sacrifice, and while it is declared powerless to avert many evils, yet is, upon the whole, that desirable thing which mankind have practically, in all ages, confessed it to be, notwithstanding the proclamations of a thousand sages to the contrary. He will think it strange that there should be such importance, and particularly so much moral importance, attached to the "filthy lucre," "the dross," "the base dust of the earth;" but here he will be only perplexed by words. If he regards it in its true light, as an accredited representative of the materials of God's world, as elaborated and refined by man's labour for man's use, according to the decrees of a benevolent and all-wise Creator, he will be at no loss to see how it is as it is, even while the fact stares him in the face, that it has also been, in all ages, connected with the grossest selfishness and vices of mankind.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SANATORY REPORTS.

THE Poor-Law Commissioners have published two volumes of local reports from medical and other authorities respecting the circumstances affecting public health in England and Scotland, being, as we apprehend, part of the basis on which Mr Chadwick founded that singular work on public health to which we lately directed attention. These local reports are in general harmonious with the views enforced so powerfully by Mr Chadwick, or rather by the facts which he mosaiced (so to speak) into his book. Everywhere we see the health of large districts affected by wretched filthy confined habitations, unpaved filth-covered streets, open drains, &c., and classes of labouring people made wretched or happy, according as they choose to spend their earnings on the means of intemperance or otherwise. We can only hope, from such a confused mass of information, to select a few bits which, from their peculiar pithiness, may be expected to be perused with some degree of interest.

Against those who, with Dr Alison of Edinburgh, affirm that contagious fever is not engendered by a tainted atmosphere, we think we have never seen a fact more confounding than one adduced by Dr Baker in the report on Derby. There is in the outskirts of that town a street called Litchurch Street, occupied by working people, and consisting of fifty-four uniformly-built houses on the north side. In the six adjoining houses in the middle of this row, in the winter of 1837-8, sixteen persons had typhus fever, of whom five died, while the families in the remaining forty-eight houses were comparatively healthy. Here was a striking instance of the localised virulence of fever; and it became important to ascertain the causes. It was found that, at the back of the houses, a ditch ran along through the gardens, being that which was formerly used for the natural moisture of the ground. Behind all the houses, but the six in question, this ditch was covered; behind the six, it was open. The other forty-eight houses had all of them regular sinks and drains connecting with a proper sewer. The six had not, but sent their refuse of all kinds into the open ditch, which was full of stagnant nastiness. Could there be any doubt, in such a case, as to cause and effect?

When James VI. of Scotland was about to return from Denmark with his young wife to Edinburgh, he wrote a most pathetic letter to the magistrates of that city, intreating that they would have the "middings" cleared away from the principal street, that the queen and her friends might not contract a mean idea of the country in which she was henceforth to live. We believe he added some other requests; but still, the one great subject was uppermost in his mind, and he concluded with a renewed intreaty that they would attend to the various topics of his letter, "but particularly the middings." We look back to this as only a good joke against ancient times; but, strange to say, there are still many hundreds of streets in Great Britain nearly as much defiled with refuse of all kinds as the "Hie Gait" of our northern capital was at the end of the sixteenth century. In Manchester, there are many unpaved undrained streets, upon which the inhabitants throw out slops, offal, and filth, and which no scavenger ever enters, except the pig and dog, whose services are here gratefully acknowledged by Dr Lyon. These are but samples of others in the larger towns, particularly those which contain factories. The older and denser places are imperfectly drained from of old,

and ill-ventilated apparently from indifference. The newer streets have rushed up as building speculations, without any system of draining and paving being enforced. Thus both classes of streets are bad.

The reporter from Manchester, Dr R. B. Howard, expresses, however, his belief, that the "human miasma" generated in over-crowded and ill-ventilated rooms, are a more frequent and efficient cause of fever than the malaria arising from collections of refuse and want of drainage. "I have been led," he says, "to this conclusion, from having remarked that fever has generally prevailed more extensively in those houses where the greatest numbers are crowded together, and where ventilation was most deficient, although the streets in which they are situated may be well-paved, drained, and tolerably free from filth, than in those where there was less crowding, notwithstanding their being placed in the midst of nuisances giving rise to malaria." On this point, we should like to ascertain if the latter were not the more free from destitution; for it is pretty well made out, that sufficient food and exercise fortify, to some extent, against the effects of impure air, while a deficiency in these respects form predisposing to those diseases of which the impure air is, in our opinion, the proximate or most immediate cause. On the subject of over-crowding, many facts are presented in these volumes. For instance, an Irishman employed as watchman at Mr Walker's silk-mill at Patricroft, near Manchester, and who had a house of three small rooms, was asked by his master if he could give a temporary lodging to a few new hands. Paddy regretted that he had not room, and added, "Faith, I turned out thirty of them to the mills this morning!" The reporter from Norfolk and Suffolk, Mr Twisleton, describes four classes of cottages as prevailing among the rural labouring people. The first are of one apartment, generally occupied by not more than two persons. The second, which are a very extensive class among labourers, consist of two rooms, one above the other, the lower being a kitchen and parlour, the upper a bed-room for the whole family, a system of things of which it is unnecessary to particularise the evil results. The next, or third class, have the addition of a small out-house behind, where washing and some other domestic duties are performed, and which of course tends to make the front low room more clean and decent. The fourth class have two rooms below and two above, which may be considered ample accommodation, unless where the family is unusually large. There are instances where labouring families, no way superior to their neighbours, occupy the better sort of cottages; but, generally, it is found that having a tolerable house accommodation is favourable to the moral condition of that class of people. Mr Lowe, of Marston, Stafford, draws this contrast, which is sufficiently instructive:—

"If we follow the agricultural labourer into his miserable dwelling, we shall find it consisting of two rooms only; the day-room, in addition to the family, contains the cooking utensils, the washing apparatus, agricultural implements, and dirty clothes, the windows broken and stuffed full of rags. In the sleeping apartment, the parents and their children, boys and girls, are indiscriminately mixed, and frequently a lodger sleeping in the same and the only room; generally no window; the openings in the half-thatched roof admit light, and expose the family to every vicissitude of the weather; the liability of the children so situated to contagious maladies, frequently plunges the family into the greatest misery. The husband, enjoying but little comfort under his own roof, resorts to the beer-shop, neglects the cultivation of his garden, and impoverishes his family. The children are brought up without any regard to decency of behaviour, to habits of foresight, or self-restraint. They make indifferent servants; the girls become the mothers of bastards, and return home a burden to their parents or to the parish, and fill the workhouse. The boys spend the Christmas week's holiday, and their year's wages, in the beer-shop, and enter upon their new situation in rags. Soon tired of the restraint imposed upon them under the roof of their master, they leave his service before the termination of the year's engagement, seek employment as day-labourers, not with a view of improving their condition, but with a desire to receive and spend their earnings weekly in the beer-shop; associating with the worst of characters, they become the worst of labourers, resort to poaching, commit petty thefts, and add to the county rates by commitments and prosecutions.

On the contrary, on entering an improved cottage, consisting, on the ground-floor, of a room for the family, a wash-house, and a pantry, and three sleeping-rooms over, with a neat and well-cultivated garden, in which the leisure-hours of the husband being both pleasantly and profitably employed, he has no desire to frequent the beer-shop, or spend his evenings from home; the children are trained to labour, to habits and feelings of independence, and taught to connect happiness with industry, and to shrink from idleness and immorality. The girls make good servants, obtain the confidence of their employer, and get promoted to the best situations. The boys, at the termination of the year's engagement, spend the Christmas week's holiday comfortably under the roof of their parents; clothes suitable for the next year's service are provided, and the residue of wages is deposited in the saving's bank; a system of frugality is engrained with the first deposit, increasing with every addition to the fund. They are gradually employed in those depart-

ments of labour requiring greater skill, and implying more confidence in their integrity and industry, and they attain a position in society of comparative independence.

I have selected an extreme case, to show more fully the advantages derived from improved cottages; and the immoral effects of inferior dwellings, unfortunately too numerous in this union."

Cleaning, draining, cottage-building, are objects for society, or benevolent and affluent persons. But the poor are shown to have much in their own power also. The colliers of East and Mid-Lothian, with comparatively large wages, are described in several reports as generally living in very wretched filthy dwellings, while the agricultural labourers of the same counties, with much less gains (never exceeding L.25 per annum), have clean smiling cottages, which it is a pleasure to enter. The difference lies in the moral and domestic habits of the two classes, the colliers being too often given to liquor, and their wives lazy and improvident, while the farm labourers are the very reverse. Dr S. Alison, who practised at Tranent, says that he never got fees from the well-paid colliers, but always from the poorly-paid farm servants. He adds, that at Fencatland collieries, where no liquor is allowed to be sold, the men are strikingly superior in conduct, and have better dwellings and better appointed families. Mr Twisleton says—"The cleanliness of a cottage bears no direct proportion to the earnings of the inmates. The earnings of a family may amount to 17s. or 18s. a-week; but if the man is a drunkard, or the wife has slovenly and tawdry habits, the children look neglected and dirty, and their cottage presents the most repulsive aspect." This gentleman states, that in his district (Norfolk and Suffolk) some of the dwellings of even "the paupers with small allowances are exquisitely clean and neat. 'Sir,' said a pauper of this class to me, when I was praising her for the neatness of her cottage, 'if I had not a morsel of bread to eat, as long as I can move about, I will keep my house sweet and clean.' It is easily understood that such instances are not very numerous, but still they occur sufficiently often to prove that dirt and filth are not the necessary companions of poverty, and they may tend to put benevolent persons on their guard, who might be inclined to infer unmerited privation and suffering from the neglected and squalid appearance of a dwelling." To this we can add a somewhat remarkable illustration of the same point, which has just come under our notice. At a recent distribution of prizes by a society in Edinburgh, for the tidest and cleanest houses among the humbler classes, the first prize was awarded to a poor blind female, who sits in George Street playing upon a small hand organ for her bread.

The report from Kent and Sussex touches upon a certain want of proper feeling, which we do not remember seeing adverted to before, though we have known many instances of it. It is attributed by the reporter to the effects of the old poor-law, but such things exist where that law never prevailed. "I have seen," says he, "an old man come with tottering steps before a board of guardians petitioning for relief, whose grandson was at that moment mayor of one of the largest towns in the south of England. I have seen a chairman of a board produce a note from a lady living in a handsome house in the union, and enjoying an income of L.400 a-year, which note was to induce him to use his influence with the guardians to allow her brother, aged 70, a weekly allowance from the rates. I have seen an aged woman, in the extreme destitution, having lived several nights in barns, brought before the guardians; yet she had at that moment two unmarried sons, one earning 16s. a-week, and the other L.1. 1s., both of whom had refused to contribute anything to her support. I remember a farmer, who rented 180 acres of land, coming before a bench of magistrates to be excused poor's rates, on the ground that the guardians had insisted that he should keep his aged mother, who, under the old system, had been supported out of the rates. He seemed to have no idea that it was his duty to do so, but thought that the keeping his mother should be fairly considered as a set-off to his rates. In another union, an aged couple had a son earning 20s. a-week, and who was ascertained to be in possession of L.500, yet he refused to give a farthing to his parents, and resisted to the utmost a magisterial order to pay them 2s. a-week. I remember another case of an old woman, past 80, seeking refuge in a work-house, whose son was a farmer living in another part of the county, to whom the guardians wrote, requesting him to support his mother; the answer was, 'I received your letter, and am sorry to hear of my mother's distress.' He then refused to do as requested, but at the conclusion of the letter, as if seized by a sudden impulse of affection, adds, 'when I see her, I am not against giving her a shilling.' She, however, died in a few days, and thus released him from a burden he was so unwilling to bear."

Amongst the other points of a novel nature brought out in these reports, we find one of a striking nature in that from Ayr. This town, we may premise, is one of about 18,000 inhabitants: it is a genteel county town, without native manufactures, but a large labouring class, mainly composed of colliers and weavers. Kilmarnock, twelve miles off, has as many inhabitants, but is eminently a manufacturing town. In the one place, the working-people "have scarcely any means of applying those mental qualities which

nature may have endowed them with in such a way as to raise them from their existing grade." But in Kilmarnock, "we continually see enterprising clever journeymen saving a little money, forming partnerships, entering upon small manufacturing businesses on their own account, and not only raising themselves to respectable positions in society, but, by their example, affording such inducements to others to industry, sobriety, and carefulness, that the whole class of the manufacturing population is elevated to a higher status than in Ayr. Besides rendering themselves expert in the manual operations of their trades, they acquire a knowledge of the mechanical and chemical principles of the manufacturing processes in which they are engaged, and the modes of transacting general business; so that, with a little money and a liberal credit, they experience no difficulty in conducting similar works for themselves. The operatives of Ayr are decidedly their inferiors in intelligence, enterprise, and ambition; and I attribute this inferiority to the want of local manufacturing establishments. In Kilmarnock, the poorest operative, and the most opulent manufacturer, are linked together by an uninterrupted chain. A constant intercourse is kept up amongst the several classes of society; and whilst the increased intelligence and cultivation that obtain amongst the operatives are, no doubt, met by a lower state of refinement, and less fastidiousness in the manners and tastes of their superiors, than in more aristocratic communities, even this is not without its advantages; because, when a mechanic raises himself by successful enterprise to an equality with his hitherto more opulent townsmen, he finds that there is no great barrier, from difference of education and habits, to prevent an unrestrained intercourse with the social circle of which he has now become a member. At the same time, common feelings and interests still connect him with his quondam fellow-operatives, amongst whom are to be found his nearest relatives; and whilst they receive from him their daily wages, their histories, circumstances, characters, habits, and wants, are familiarly known to him. Hence, when distress assails a labouring family, they are not merely regarded as objects of compassion, from being fellow-creatures in affliction, but they receive the full flow of sympathy due to brothers and friends, who are only separated from their more fortunate neighbours by events of recent occurrence, and capable of being easily traced." In Ayr this pleasing condition of things does not exist, though it is acknowledged that the affluent classes in that town are remarkably bountiful to the poor.

THE GOSSIP—A TALE.

MRS THOMPSON was a widow lady "without incumbrance." At the death of her husband, who had been a functionary in a public office, she was left with nothing save a small annuity, resulting from her husband's carefulness. On this pittance she contrived to exist, renting a small house in the outskirts of the town, and keeping up an acquaintance with those families who had known her in better circumstances during the life of her husband.

Her house-rent and clothes absorbed the greater portion of her small income, and, for the rest, she leant considerably on her friends, the greater number of whom received her at their table or fireside, more from sympathy and benevolence than from personal regard. She nevertheless endeavoured to make herself agreeable and acceptable, by recounting whatever occurred to her in her peregrinations from house to house; and the day of Mrs Thompson's visit to those who favoured her with a general invitation, was looked upon as a day to be set apart for a general and perhaps amusing gossip.

It was never supposed by those who entertained Mrs Thompson, that, in the indulgence of her gossiping propensities, she had any desire or intention to injure those whose conduct was the subject of her animadversion; but going about as she did, day after day, she found it necessary to have something to say, and if that something was of a nature calculated to excite surprise, so much the better; her visit was then more likely to go off with *éclat*, and she had a greater certainty of being well received on a future occasion.

The opening of our story finds Mrs Thompson at the house of Mrs Darsie, one of those whose house and table were at all times open to the "widow and such as are oppressed," and from whom Mrs Thompson had received many benefits. After a day well spent in that kind of conversation for which Mrs Thompson had a peculiar gift, she felt nearly exhausted, and feared she would be under the necessity of taking leave, when a new chord was happily struck, by her addressing herself to Mrs Darsie, and asking, as if by the bye, whether she had seen Miss Halling who had come to town for the purpose of getting "her things" for her approaching wedding.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs Darsie; "I called to see her yesterday, at her aunt's."

"And what do you think of her?" again inquired Mrs Thompson; "I hear various accounts of her—some say she is very pretty, while others again call her rather plain in appearance."

"I think," answered Mrs Darsie, "that there is a countenance depending greatly upon expression for its beauty. It will depend very much upon the humour she may be in at the moment whether she be thought pretty or otherwise. To me she appeared to possess great sweetness of disposition, and a gentleness of manner which is extremely pleasing; but I

remember her mother too well not to have made comparisons between her and her daughter, which I confess were not altogether flattering to the latter."

"Oh, by the bye, Mrs Halling was a friend of yours, I think, before you were married," said Mrs Thompson.

"Yes, she and I were most affectionate companions at school, and our intimacy continued until she was married; but she went to reside, you know, in a remote part of the country, and we gradually ceased to hear much of each other, and latterly we have been entirely estranged; but when I heard of the daughter of my old friend coming to town on an occasion so interesting, I was most happy to call and offer my congratulations."

"And was Mrs Halling really so good-looking as a girl?" pursued Mrs Thompson.

"She was, in my opinion, the finest looking woman I ever saw—I mean the handsomest in person, and the most distinguished in features and general appearance: there was a grandeur in her look, if I may so express it, that I have never seen equalled."

"Then the daughter does not resemble the mother?" said Mrs Thompson.

"Oh no," replied her hostess, warning as she continued to speak of the chosen friend of her youth: "There was a dignity of manner, a *character*, about her mother, which Miss Halling decidedly wants."

"My dear, take care what you say," jocularly interposed Mr Darsie, who was sitting quietly by the window reading the paper, and whose ear caught the last sentence uttered by his wife. "It is not safe to speak of ladies wanting characters."

"Oh, you know in what sense I mean the word to apply to Miss Halling," answered Mrs Darsie. "I repeat, there was a *something* about Mrs Halling, a distinction, which I can call by no other name than *character*, and I am sure her daughter has no claim to the title; but she is an amiable, gentle girl, and I am sure I wish her all manner of happiness in her new position, both for her own sake and for that of her good mother."

The subject of Miss Halling, after a few other remarks, soon died away, and Mrs Thompson found herself at last obliged to take leave of her kind friend Mrs Darsie.

Time, which is, or which should be, considered the wealth of the poor, was of no further consequence to Mrs Thompson, excepting that it required some degree of tact and management as to its disposal in a social point of view, so that she might not go too often to the same house; so she determined to spend the next day with Mrs Hewitt, a widow lady, with whom she had been long on terms of intimacy, and who had a family of grown-up sons, fine young men, who were all doing well in the world.

When the young gentlemen came home to dinner, George, the eldest, who was head clerk in an insurance office in town, laughingly addressing his mother, said, "Mother, I deserve an extra allowance of the good things to-day, for I have been doing double duty at the office, and I am sadly worn out; Mr Hamilton, our manager, has been absent, and I have been 'interim manager,' besides clerk."

"Oh," cried William Hewitt, one of the younger lads, "I saw him two or three times to-day with Miss Halling; I suppose they had been shopping. What a nice mild-looking girl she is, and what a luck she has had in getting such a match as Mr Hamilton."

"Ay, he's a fine fellow," said George; "and, from all I hear of his choice, she seems deserving of such a husband."

Mrs Thompson's face all at once became as it were condensed, and every feature seemed to perk out with the importance of what she had to communicate, but she was evidently at a loss how to bring it forth. An opportunity soon occurred, by one of the young men asking her whether she knew Miss Halling.

"No, indeed!" she exclaimed; "I have never seen her, but I have heard a good deal about her; only yesterday, I heard a lady remark that she was somehow or other not altogether a person of character."

"A person of character!" repeated all the lads at once; "surely, Mrs Thompson, you are mistaken as to the lady of whom we are speaking; you must mean some other Miss Halling, surely."

"I don't think I can be mistaken as to the person," persisted Mrs Thompson, "seeing that the lady who spoke of her to me had been at one time the most intimate friend of Miss Halling's mother; perhaps I am wrong in saying anything about it; but of this I am certain, that Miss Halling—the Miss Halling you mean—was spoken of as being decidedly a person of doubtful character."

This appeared conclusive testimony to the young men, whose wonder was excited in no small degree by the statement of Mrs Thompson; and it is needless to state, that before many hours had elapsed, at least a dozen of their young acquaintances had been made aware that Mr Hamilton was about to marry a young lady of doubtful character.

Some mornings afterwards, Mr Hamilton was sitting in his lodgings at breakfast, when the postman's knock was heard at the door, and a letter was handed in. He broke the seal, and commenced reading; but before he had got half way through the first page, his handsome face glowed with indignation, and then became deadly pale: he glanced at the foot of the second page, but the epistle was nameless, save that it purported to have come from "a friend;" the contents,

however, appeared to be perused in anything but a friendly humour, for, in a paroxysm of irrepressible passion, he tore it across; then, as if all at once recollecting himself, he looked over it once more, and sitting down at his desk, exerted his ingenuity in patching the paper together again; and, folding it up carefully, he placed it in his pocket-book, seized his hat, and walked out.

Miss Halling sat at the window of her aunt's drawing-room, every now and then looking at her watch, and wondering what had become of her lover, who had promised to be with her very early in the forenoon, that they might walk out together for the purpose of selecting some important articles of furniture for their new home. It was now one o'clock, and still he had not arrived, and she determined to punish him for his apparent neglect, by exhibiting a little anger, when she all at once heard the welcome sound of his voice in the lobby below, and the petulance she had tried to assume was entirely forgotten.

With the solicitude which ever accompanies true affection, Miss Halling, on looking upon the face of her lover, at once detected that something had occurred to discompose him; and with the most earnest anxiety she besought him to tell her what had happened to him since they parted the evening before, when he was all cheerfulness and animation.

"I see, Eliza," he replied, "I am a bad hypocrite. I would fain have concealed from you the cause of my present annoyance, but it has pressed so heavily upon me, that I find I cannot all at once shake it off. Here is a letter," he continued, taking the anonymous epistle from his pocket, "which I received this morning; but, before you read it, I beg to satisfy you thus far, that I do not believe one word of its contents, and would have treated it with the scorn which all such communications deserve. My indignation alone, not my suspicion, has been roused, and could I only get hold of the villain who thus dares to slander you, I fancy I should make him repent of having subscribed himself 'my friend.'"

The contents of this precious letter it is unnecessary to repeat; its tenor will at once be understood as bearing upon the character of Miss Halling, who sat with it in her hands, as if she did not fully comprehend what had been but now said with reference to its contents.

While her eye wandered from line to line, the expression of her sweet face underwent a thousand changes, and her beautiful swan-like throat became suddenly distended with the violence of an internal emotion, which she apparently could neither utter nor suppress; all at once it broke forth in a fit of wild hysterical sobbing, every heave of which seemed of itself sufficient to rend asunder a frame which was by nature extremely fragile.

Her unhappy lover, whose distress was more than ever apparent, though now it proceeded from a very different cause, stood with the agitated girl in his arms, endeavouring, by every soothing and endearing term, to arrest the extraordinary violence of her grief, but her mind seemed incapable of receiving any consolation; in this state she was conveyed to bed, where she lay for several hours under the influence of this excited state of feeling. Feverishness came on during the night, and next morning the enervated, pretty, gentle Miss Halling, was labouring under an attack of brain fever of the most virulent kind, the victim of false witness.

How sudden and painful are the reverses to which even the purest and best of God's creatures are every moment liable in this world, where all is mutable! Here was an amiable, innocent woman, reduced, in a few hours, from a state of happiness as perfect as one could desire, to a condition of abject, helpless imbecility, involving not only her own safety, but the peace and comfort of all those who regarded her with affection and respect. And from what cause reduced! By no fault of hers either in word or deed. She had done nothing to bring about her own destruction; nor could it be said that she was the victim of any malignant or vindictive passion in others. She fell a prey to a chain of circumstances having their origin in ignorance, and that love of telling something wonderful, which forms so conspicuous a feature of common discourse, especially among those who have little occupation of a proper kind for their minds.

The illness of Miss Halling assumed so alarming an aspect, that it was deemed necessary to summon her parents from the country, and to them Mr Hamilton reluctantly confided the story of his griefs.

The vigorous mind of Mrs Halling immediately suggested the propriety of adopting means to discover, if possible, the writer of the letter which had produced effects so baneful to the health and peace of her beloved daughter. Mr Hamilton had already tried every method he could think of to find out the origin of all his sufferings; but his mind had been in a measure paralysed ever since he had witnessed the distressing scene with Miss Halling, above related.

Backed, however, and roused from this state of torpidity by the energetic suggestions of Eliza's mother, he set about his task with a resolute spirit, and after the most painful investigations, which it is unnecessary to follow, he succeeded in tracing the letter to a young man, a friend of William Hewitt, from whom he had had the information, and he, in his turn, referred the unhappy lover to Mrs Thompson. The consternation and dismay of this person, when Mr Hamilton called upon her, was extreme. She had

not contemplated the possibility of such serious results following the information she had given at the table of Mrs Hewitt; and it was with shame and confusion she referred Mr Hamilton to Mrs Darsie, who had been, she said, her informant. To Mrs Darsie Mr Hamilton immediately proceeded, wondering, as he went, where this was to end; for the more he sought to find the origin of his misery, the farther did he seem to be from tracing it to its source.

On entering the drawing-room of Mrs Darsie, he found that lady alone; and it was with no small degree of perturbation that he asked her if she had ever made any remarks derogatory to the character of Miss Halling. The truth all at once flashed on the mind of Mrs Darsie, from the associations called up at the mention of the word *character*; and she at once repeated the conversation which had occurred in presence of Mrs Thompson, adding, that she had no doubt whatever that that had been the fabric from which the whole had been raised. She deeply regretted that she had not taken more pains to make her application of the important word *character* clearly understood by the simple woman with whom she was conversing; but yet it seemed, as even Mr Hamilton acknowledged, most unlikely that her real meaning could have been mistaken. On learning the sad condition to which the young lady had been reduced, nothing could exceed her distress, and she flew to make what reparation she could by the humblest apologies, to the friend of her youth, Mrs Halling. Meanwhile, the fever of poor Eliza approached the crisis which was to favour or blast for ever the hopes of her anxious and affectionate friends, who watched every movement and every respiration of the unconscious sufferer with an eagerness and anxiety which testified how deeply they were interested in the result. Though she was at length declared out of danger, it was soon apparent that the shock had been too great for one so gently formed by nature. Instead of bending to the blow, her mental energies had been prostrated at once and for ever; she recovered only her bodily health; in mind, she had become a helpless, hopeless, though harmless imbecile!

Who shall presume to describe the affliction caused by this event through a wide circle of sorrowing friends! Her father and mother wept in silent anguish over the wreck of the cherished idol of their home and affections; while the grief of the bereaved lover spent itself in alternate bursts of sorrow for his loss and indignation against those by whom it had been caused; and bitterly did he reproach himself for his want of caution, in having allowed his gentle mistress to gain a knowledge of the contents of the letter which had proved so destructive to her happiness and peace of mind.

Mr and Mrs Halling returned with their helpless charge to the home which had, until then, been cheered and gladdened by her presence; but what a change had been produced on her, the object of their fondest solicitude, during the short interval of her absence! She had left them an amiable intelligent woman, animated by the prospects of happiness which were opening up to her. She returned *externally* the same; but the intelligence was gone; instead of a source of perpetual pleasure, she had become a living sorrow, though one in which all who knew her were deeply interested.

Mr Hamilton never married; and it was his custom once every year to visit his gentle mistress, who always appeared gratified by his presence, though she otherwise manifested no consciousness of the relation which they had once borne towards each other; nor was it ever apparent that she had any recollection of the reverses which had befallen her.

Mrs Thompson, who, from no evil purpose comparable to the event, but merely through a culpable love of gossip, had wrought all this woe, met with what was to her a severe punishment; for the tragedy of Eliza Halling closed many doors against her, and she was thenceforth obliged to spend most of her days at home, where, we will hope, a proper spirit of repentance mingled with the vexation arising from the loss of her friends.

DR TURNBULL'S TREATMENT OF THE EYE.

A FEW weeks ago, an extract from the Literary Gazette gave our readers a brief notice of some interesting experiments of Dr Turnbull for the cure of blindness, the agent employed being the vapour of hydrocyanic or prussic acid applied to the defective organ of vision. Since that time, Dr T., it appears from the following communication to the *Lancet*, has been engaged in investigating the action of bisulphuret of carbon, not only for the cure of blindness, but as a remedy for deafness. It will be understood, that we present no opinion on the reality or value of the alleged discoveries, but simply do a duty to the public in laying before them the letter of Dr Turnbull in the form in which it has appeared in the *Lancet* and other medical works.

SIR—In October 1841, I gave an account of the action of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid upon diseases of the eye. Since that period, I have been engaged in investigating the action of various other bodies on the same organ, and under the same form.

One reason why I did not rest satisfied with the great effects produced by the hydrocyanic acid was, that its action, like that of all other medicines, decreased in power by continued application, thereby rendering it necessary to have occasional recourse to

other medicines, in order to insure a more speedy recovery. Another reason was, the reluctance of many individuals to submit the eye to the action of so potent a medicine.

The first medicines to which I shall refer, and which I have employed with some success, are the chloroeyanic acid and sulphuretted chysaic acid. The plan I pursue is that of putting a drachm of one of the medicines into a bottle (containing a small piece of sponge) of about two-ounce size, having a mouth precisely fitted to the eye, and with a ground-glass stopper.

The action of these medicines is very different from that of the hydrocyanic acid, in as far as they both stimulate the eye, and produce much greater warmth and irritation, with less dilatation of the pupil. Few, however, can bear the chloroeyanic acid to be applied longer to the eye than half a minute, though, in a minute after its application, all irritation is removed, and the eye feels perfectly at ease.

The next medicine which I have employed in the form of vapour was the chloruret of iodine. This medicine produces very little warmth or uneasiness to the eye, if continued for the space of two minutes or upwards; but a sensation of irritation, accompanied with a flow of tears, takes place on its removal. It contracts the pupil, and in no case have I seen it dilate it. Its vapour rises very readily, and does not leave the yellow disagreeable colouring on the skin produced by the vapour of iodine, when uncombined, which is a great drawback in the use of iodine in diseases of the eye.

The last medicine which I have employed is the bisulphuret of carbon, which is so volatile, that the application of it to the eye, when the bottle is held in a warm hand for a few seconds, is as much as can be borne, in consequence of the intense pricking heat and flow of tears which it occasions. Owing to this fact, I generally use it by causing the patient to shut the eyelid during its application, which can then be continued for a minute or two with the same beneficial effect upon the eye, and without inconvenience to the patient. It generally contracts the pupil, and very seldom dilates it.

I used to employ iodine by putting it into the same bottles, and immersing it in hot water, and in its state of vapour applying it to the eye; but I now find it answers much better when dissolved in the bisulphuret of carbon.

It is my intention, shortly, to give a full account of the action of these medicines upon the various forms of disease to which the eye is subject, and also what particular disease each medicine is best calculated to remove. At the same time I shall state such instances of failure as have occurred in my experience, in order that a just estimate may be formed of the value and importance of each medicine.

It may not be out of place here to state, that I have employed, with great success, the bisulphuret of carbon to enlarged indurated lymphatic glands. In the first instance, I rubbed equal quantities of the bisulphuret of carbon and alcohol upon the parts affected, but without any effect upon the glands. But as its effects were so great when its vapour was confined to the eye, I was led to apply it in the form of vapour, and by means of glass bottles similar to those I have described. By these means, I excluded the action of the medicine from the external air, and thereby prevented its speedy evaporation. When it had been applied about one minute, the patient felt the part very cold, but immediately after a gradual heat, accompanied with great pricking—the heat increasing the longer the medicine was kept in contact with the part, until it could no longer be endured. On removing the glass, the part was red to an extent two or three times greater than the part enclosed. In a few days the change in the size of the glands was very great; and by its daily repetition, a complete and speedy removal of the disease was effected. I also find that its action upon diseased glands is more decided if the surface of the skin is well moistened with water previous to the application of the bottle to the part.

The water, in fact, not only prevents the escape of the vapour between the glass and the skin, but assists the imbibition of the carbon; a point of the highest importance, inasmuch as all its action on the part depends upon the exclusion of the atmosphere from the vapour. I may here observe, that these applications occasion no injury whatever to the skin.

I have also found the bisulphuret of carbon and the chloroeyanic acid valuable medicines in the removal of deafness, depending upon a want of nervous energy and deficiency of wax. The mode of its application is substantially the same as that which I employ in diseases of the eye, with this difference only, that the bottle is formed with a small neck and stopper adapted to the size of the orifice of the ear, and held close to the organ until a considerable degree of warmth is produced.

The action of these medicines, which contain so large a share of carbon, arises from the carbon in the vapour permeating the cuticle, and coming in contact with the oxygen in the vessels, which is conveyed through every part of the frame by inspiration and otherwise, and thereby forming carbonic acid gas, which evolves heat in the ratio of the quantity consumed by the oxygen.

The following quotations from Professor Liebig, in his work on "Organic Chemistry," sufficiently prove the correctness of this position:—"It is only

in those parts of the body to which arterial blood, and, with it, the oxygen absorbed in respiration, is conveyed, that heat is produced. Hair, wool, or feathers, do not possess an elevated temperature. This high temperature of the animal body, or, as it may be called, disengagement of heat, is uniformly, and under all circumstances, the result of the combination of a combustible substance with oxygen. In whatever way carbon may combine with oxygen, the act of combination cannot take place without the disengagement of heat. We can no longer doubt that gases of every kind, whether soluble or insoluble in water, possess the property of permeating animal tissues, as water permeates unsized paper."

Does not the action of medicines containing so large a proportion of carbon, which can be brought into contact with the whole external surface of the body, and thereby capable of being easily disengaged, suggest a method of relieving pulmonary disease likely to be attended with no ordinary success, by calling into greater activity the action of the skin, and thereby materially lightening the labour of the lungs? Are we not the more encouraged to expect such remedial influence in diseases of the lungs, from the fact of its great power in removing indurated glands, which are so common accompaniments of consumption? There can be no doubt of the usefulness of bisulphuret of carbon in skin diseases.

I have submitted these observations under the conviction that they embody principles which may be carried out, and made of great utility to mankind.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant—A. TURNBULL, M.D.
Oct. 20th, 1842, 48, Russell Square.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE Abbotsford Club, an association of gentlemen who print for their own private use old manuscripts illustrative of our national history, have within the last few weeks completed the impression of one of an unique nature—a memoir, to wit, of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochell, a distinguished Highland chief of the seventeenth century. We call it unique, because no Highland chief of past time ever had the honour of so extensive a biography. The work was composed, it is believed, about the year 1740, by John Drummond of Balhodie, who may be supposed to have had all possible advantages in compiling it, both as far as family papers and family traditions were concerned, since he was either a grandson or a great-grandson of Cameron. As a minute and faithful piece of personal history, it is a highly curious production, and it throws considerable light upon some unusually obscure portions of our national annals. Nor can we doubt that the hero is worthy of such an epic; for, though some may be inclined to smile at the idea of any importance being attached to the leader of a Highland clan of two hundred years ago, the fact is, that Sir Ewen Cameron was a man of very admirable character. In majesty of personal appearance, he is said to have coped with his contemporary Louis XIV. Some of his exploits in the resistance to Cromwell call up the recollection of Wallace, Tell, and Kosciusko. And throughout a life of ninety years, though he might often have been called rebel, no one could ever attribute to him what would pass before a jury of candid men as a dishonourable action. Indeed he was a remarkable instance of the concentration of the finest qualities that belong to the peculiar rank and state of society in which his lot was cast.

The Camerons occupy a considerable territory in the district of Lochaber, in Inverness-shire, and were, in the time of Charles I., a clan capable of sending from seven hundred to a thousand armed men into the field. Ewen Cameron, born in 1629 to the unquestioned rule of this tribe, was brought up under the care of the Marquis of Argyll, the chief of the anti-royalist party in Scotland throughout the civil war. He received little school learning, but much instruction from the conversation of men, and became a proficient in all manly and warlike exercises. Never was master less successful in impressing his mind upon a pupil than was Argyll with young Lochell. All the effect of the example and tutelage of years was effaced by one conversation which the youth obtained clandestinely with the royalist Sir Robert Spottiswood, the day before his execution. Sir Robert gave him such a view of the politics of the period, that he became, from that hour, a steady royalist, notwithstanding all the opposite arguments of his tutor. Little did the venerable Spottiswood think what a weapon he was leaving for the revenge of his death upon the party who ordered it. Not long after this event, Cameron, succeeding by the death of his grandfather to the chieftainship, went home to his people, who met him at the distance of a day's journey on the way,

and expressed the greatest joy in finding him of so prepossessing an appearance, and animated by the loyal principles of his ancestors. A gentleman of his clan had served Montrose throughout the whole of his brilliant campaign, and, from his conversation, Lochell contracted the most eager desire to distinguish himself in the royal service. Meanwhile, there were affairs of his own to be put to rights. We hear of his leading an army of some hundreds of Camerons against a neighbour, Macdonald of Keppoch, to compel the payment of an annuity due on a mortgage, and another against the Chief of Glengarry, to enforce some arrears of feu-duty, or ground rent, long refused to weaker claims. These gentlemen soon became aware that Lochell, though only about eighteen years of age, was not a person to be trifled with. Keppoch "thought it wiser to do him justice than allow matters to be pushed to an extremity;" and the other dispute "ended in a treaty, which Glengarry observed so well, that Lochell was never thereafter put to further trouble on that account."

When, after the battle of Worcester, Cromwell's deputy, General Monk, reduced the Lowland parts of Scotland, the Highlands remained obstinately opposed to his power, and maintained a partisan warfare of the most sanguinary kind against his troops. Our young chief now found excellent opportunities of showing his valour. He joined the Earl of Glencairn, who acted as commander, with seven hundred Camerons, and soon became remarkable for taking the lead in every dangerous enterprise. Towards the end of 1652, when Glencairn lay at Tullich, in Braemar, the Camerons held a post at a little distance, between the royalists and the republican troops. The latter advanced to give a surprise, but were warmly received by Lochell, who defended the pass against them, until Glencairn had drawn off to a place of safety. In the hurry of retreat, the earl forgot to give any orders for the retirement of Lochell's people, who accordingly, with blind devotion to duty, stood opposed for hours to the whole advancing force, and, but for the advantage of ground, must have been cut to pieces. As it was, the carrying of that pass cost the English very dearly. On this occasion, we find that one half of the Camerons were armed with bows, with which they sorely galled the English cavalry. In the campaigns of 1653 and 1654, Lochell took an equally conspicuous part, and it was found necessary, among other expedients for reducing the Highlands, to establish a garrison at Inverlochry, mainly for the purpose of over-awing the Clan Cameron.

The chief beheld with rage a great colony of Sassenach soldiers planted near his domains, and prowled round it for some days, but was unable to make an attack. He had dismissed all his men to their homes, excepting about thirty-five, most of whom were dunny-wassels, or gentlemen, when two vessels containing large detachments of the garrison were observed sailing into Loch Eil, their design being to gather wood and provisions on the hostile lands. One of the vessels discharged its company on the side where Cameron was stationed, and he determined on attacking them, though they were four or five times his number. Some of his friends, men who had been accustomed to the intrepid doings of Montrose, objected to the rashness of the scheme, but were persuaded to join in it nevertheless, only demanding that Lochell and his brother Allan should remain apart, as the hopes of the clan depended entirely on them. Lochell agreed as to his brother, but not as to himself, and the young man was accordingly bound to a tree, to make sure that he would not engage; yet he, after all, prevailed on a boy to cut his bonds, and went off to join the fight, where he arrived just in time to save his brother's life, by shooting an English soldier who was taking aim at him.

The English soldiers met the assault not unpreparedly, and with the greatest firmness, but in their arms and mode of fighting, they were no fair match for the Highlanders, who, having first poured in upon them a destructive fire of musketry, and then taking to their broadswords, put them at once upon the defensive. To save themselves from the blows of the broadsword, they held their muskets across their foreheads; the Camerons then struck below. Some took to their swords, but these the Highlanders warded off with their targets. Some thrust with the bayonet; but the point once received in the Highland target, both musket and bayonet were useless. Their ranks were soon thinned, but still they fought with resolution, and when they did retire, it was with regularity.

Locheil then committed a great mistake, by sending an ambuscade party to the rear to give them the notion that their retreat was cut off, the consequence of which was, that they turned and fought with more vigour than ever. They now clubbed their guns and fought like madmen, but all was in vain; in the end, they had to fall back to the lake, leaving the greater number of the party dead and wounded on the field.

It was now that an incident occurred which Sir Walter Scott has introduced into his "Tales of a Grandfather," and which we shall here give in the words of Mr Drummond. "It was his (Locheil's) chance to follow a few that fled into the wood, where he killed two or three with his own hand, none having pursued that way but himself. The officer who commanded the party had likewise fled thither, but concealing himself in a bush, Locheil had not noticed him. This gentleman, observing that he was alone, started suddenly out of his lurking-place, and attacked him in his return, threatening, as he rushed furiously upon him, to revenge the slaughter of his countrymen by his death. Locheil, who had also his sword in his hand, received him with equal resolution. The combat was long and doubtful; both fought for their lives; and as they were both animated by the same fury and courage, so they seemed to manage their swords with the same dexterity. The English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength; but Locheil exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tripped the sword out of his hand. But he was not allowed to make use of this advantage; for his antagonist flying upon him with incredible quickness, they closed and wrestled till both fell to the ground in other's arms. In this posture they struggled, and tumbled up and down, till they fixed in the channel of a brook, betwixt two strait banks, which then, by the drouth of summer, chanced to be dry. Here Locheil was in a most dismal and desperate situation; for, being undermost, he was not only crushed under the weight of his antagonist (who was an exceeding big man), but likewise sore hurt, and bruised by many sharp stones that were below him. Their strength was so far spent, that neither of them could stir a limb; but the English gentleman, by the advantage of being uppermost, at last recovered the use of his right hand. With it he seized a dagger that hung at his belt, and made several attempts to stab his adversary, who all the while held him fast; but the narrowness of the place where they were confined, and the posture they were in, rendering the execution very difficult, and almost impracticable, while he was so straitly embraced, he made a most violent effort to disengage himself, and in that action raising his head, and stretching his neck, Locheil, who by this had his hands at liberty, with his left suddenly seized him by the right, and with the other by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat (which he used to say God put in his mouth), he bit it quite through." In this extraordinary way he put an end to his adversary.

Disengaged from this adventure, Locheil found his men chin deep in the lake, pursuing the remnant of the English party to their ship. He immediately ordered his men to give quarter to the enemy, who delivered themselves up to the number of thirty-five men; but one of the number, either not having understood this arrangement, or unwilling to submit to it, proved the destruction of the whole, for, having fired at the chief, and nearly killed him, the Camerons were so incensed at the act, as to fall upon the rest without mercy, so that only two of the whole party escaped. It is related that, while the conflict was drawing to a close, a soldier having taken a very deliberate aim at Locheil, his foster-brother, with the self-devotion common to the character in that age and country, threw himself before, and received the shot in his breast. Locheil carried the generous youth on his own back three miles to a burial ground, and interred him with all the honour it was in his power to bestow. At the close of this fight, it was found that only five of the Camerons had fallen; but almost every one of the rest was bruised or wounded. The bodies of the slain bore, as usual, strong testimony to the power of the Highland sword.

A royalist party was maintained in the Highlands till March 1685: it had no more zealous member than Locheil, who distinguished himself in so many skirmishes with the troops of the commonwealth in different parts of the country, and inflicted so many severe chastisements on the garrison at Inverlochy, that his name at length became noted. Even after General Middleton gave up the appearance of a resistance on behalf of the royal family, this single chieftain still held out, and that powerful government which caused France, Spain, and Holland, to bow to it, was treated with open contempt, and held at defiance, by a power residing on the banks of Loch Arkaig. But this could not long continue. A commission of three colonels of the army at this time visited Argyleshire on some public business. While they lay in security in a village near Inverary, Locheil, attended by the Laird of Maccaughran, and a few of his men, burst through the hut in which they slept, and took them all prisoners without resistance. They expected nothing but destruction from one whom fame represented as a bloody savage; and their surprise was great when, conducted peacefully to Locheil's country, and there

hospitably entertained, they found him as courteous and gentle as a paladin of romance; and so modest, that he could only with the greatest difficulty be induced to speak of those actions which had made him celebrated. These gentlemen contracted such a friendship for him, that they determined to exert themselves to bring him to a pacification with the government. After many debates with him on the danger and folly of his present situation, they prevailed on him to submit, and became his ambassadors to General Monk, who then exercised at Dalkeith the powers of a representative of the Protector. The matter was accommodated to the perfect satisfaction of Locheil, upon his giving his simple word to live thenceforth at peace. On an appointed day, the chief and his people, dressed in their best clothes, and with colours flying and bagpipes playing, marched to the green before the castle of Inverlochy, where the governor had his troops drawn up to receive them; and the treaty was then read and published with all the formalities due to a pacification between two great states, and "with many loud huzzas and no small appearance of joy on both sides." Thereafter the governor entertained Locheil and his men with the greatest hospitality, and they parted the best friends in the world.

Early in 1687, Locheil wedded a daughter of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, under circumstances of unusual festivity, the wedding being attended by gentlemen from great distances, and among the rest by "a cousin of the bridegroom's, the young Laird of Glenurquh, who was already conspicuous for that profound judgment, penetration, and capacity, that afterwards acquired him so high a character, and advanced him to the peerage, in the reign of King Charles II., under the title of the Earl of Breadalbane." The clan presented their chief with a sum equal to the wedding expenses, and a Highland bard spouted an extempore epithalamium, which was not perhaps the less flattering, that he desired the chief's influence in regaining three cows that had been stolen from him. (The poet, we learn, got from Locheil and his company three cows instead, and three hundred merks to boot. "It was unlucky for him that he did not mention more of these gentlemen in his verses, for those he omitted were not so liberal as the rest.")

Locheil spent the remainder of the interregnum in peace, and it is a curious proof of the designs of Monk in his march southward, that he was accompanied by this incorruptible Highland loyalist. Locheil witnessed the entry of Charles II. into London, and by the favour of Monk, might, if his modesty had allowed, have held the king's stirrup as he alighted at his palace, for which another and less deserving person was well rewarded. It is sad to relate, that to him, as to many other sufferers in the royal cause, the Restoration brought no advantages. On the contrary, the faithful Locheil was harassed with law proceedings respecting many transactions of the time of trouble; and where Monk would have protected him by a single line of writing, the present government allowed him to be impoverished on account of acts done in its own behalf. His greatest annoyance arose from a claim of the Laird of Mackintosh for a part of his estate, which Locheil offered in vain to compound for by a sum of money. The reader will be surprised to learn, that so lately as the reign of Charles II., when Milton was writing his "Paradise Lost," and Barrow and Tillotson were preaching, a litigant party in the same island was furnished with letters of fire and sword against the defender; that is to say, a power of killing and spoiling all he found on the estate of his adversary. In the autumn of 1685, these two chiefs had actually drawn up their forces to fight out the dispute, when the Earl of Breadalbane interposed, and brought about a settlement of the plea, exactly three hundred and sixty years after it had been commenced.

Other troubles followed these; but it is not our intention to enter into them, further than to relate a remarkably characteristic circumstance which occurred when Locheil was settling some dispute of long standing with the Earl of Argyle at Inverary, in 1675. Locheil had, it seems, for some days neglected to get himself shaved, which the earl observing, offered him the services of his French valet. While Locheil was undergoing the operation, the earl observed two of his men standing up at the door with a peculiar look of jealous watchfulness, of which, when the business was done, his lordship asked an explanation. The chief, who had not observed the men, inquired what they had meant by their conduct, and learnt that, knowing he had had a dispute with the earl, they feared treachery, and had resolved, if their suspicion proved true, first to kill his lordship and then the valet. "But," said the earl, "what do you imagine would have become of yourselves, if you had done such a thing?" "That we did not think upon," said they, "but we were resolved to revenge the murder of our chief." The earl praised their zeal for their chief's safety, gave each of them money, and so dismissed them, telling Locheil that he believed there was no prince in the world that had such loving and faithful subjects.

A few years afterwards, an outrage committed by two of his clan, caused Locheil to be summoned to appear before the privy council in Edinburgh. While there, he was received with distinction by the Duke of York at his court, then held in Holyrood House. The duke put many questions to him concerning the adventures of his youth, and in the end requested his

sword, with the intention of knighting him. The sword being a ceremonial one, the duke was unable to draw it; so he gave it back to the chief, saying, that "it never used to be so uneasy to draw when the crown wanted its service." Locheil, naturally bashful, could make no proper return to this compliment, but drawing the sword, returned it to the duke, who, calling on the courtiers to remark that Locheil's sword gave obedience to no hand but his own, conferred upon him the designed honour.

Though this weapon could not be more pure of stain than was the mind of Locheil of the least thought of disloyalty, he did not always escape suspicion. When in arms with his clan at Inverary for the suppression of Argyle's rebellion, he was subject to the malice of the commander, the Marquis of Athole; and a misadventure by night, in which his men fell upon a party of friends, taking them for enemies, furnished a handle for injuring him in the eyes of the government. Locheil only saved himself on that occasion by a direct appeal to the king (formerly Duke of York), in which it is odd to find him favoured by Barclay the Quaker, who was his brother-in-law, and a favourite of James. He was, however, continually exposed to legal troubles on account of claims of superiority over his estate: on one occasion, law had gone so far against him, that a writ having been prepared for his arrest in Edinburgh, he would unquestionably have been taken prisoner, if he had not, by a bright thought of his own, retired for an evening into the Tolbooth, or public jail, on pretext of visiting a friend—a clansman, who was clerk to the establishment, favouring his plan. Here we may see a prefigurement in actual fact, of a memorable scene in modern fiction, to which it is only necessary to allude. By the personal favour of the king, Locheil had only obtained a settlement of all his troubles, when he was again thrown upon the losing side by the Revolution.

As a matter of course, the old royalist joined Lord Dundee with his clan, and took a hearty share in the endeavour to keep up the ex-king's interest in Scotland. Dundee, who saw in him a kindred spirit, and knew his great experience, trusted much to his advice, and it was by his recommendation that the resolution was formed to engage the troops of King William at Killiecrankie. Though now sixty, he was as eager for conflict as ever, yet perfectly cool at all times; inasmuch that, while leading on his men, feeling his shoes pinch, he sat down, took them off, and made them easier, and then rejoined his friends in time to fall on along with them. It is evident that, next to Dundee himself, the Highland army could not have had a better commander than Sir Ewen; and we are disposed to wonder that he was not raised to that honour after the death of Dundee, till we recollect that he wanted the self-esteem which forms an almost indispensable requisite for transforming a man into a leader. He escaped all the perils of this campaign, and was amongst the last to give even the most qualified submission to King William. Locheil was now, by three wives, the father of sons and daughters. The anecdote has often been told, of his seeing one of the former in a night bivouac upon snow, making up a snow-ball for a pillow, when Locheil, who was to rest in the same manner, kicked away the snow-ball, telling the youth that he must endeavour to make himself independent of such luxuries. On account of his age, he now gave over the command of the clan to his eldest son John, to whom, in 1696, he likewise transferred his estate, with the reservation of a life-rent only. He continued to keep up a correspondence with the exiled family, and in 1706 a warrant was issued to apprehend him on a charge of high treason, but not carried into execution. Years rolled on, without extinguishing the spirit of the aged chief; but when his son led out the clan in 1715 to fight for the son of his old master, Sir Ewen was nearly bed-ridden with the infirmities of age. According to an account obtained by Pennant, in his tour of Scotland, the hoary chief was at last cradled like a child; but the whole extent of the fact seems to be, that, failing in his lower extremities, he had pulleys above his bed, by which he could turn himself from one side to another. In 1716, when he was eighty-seven years old, he had still sufficient strength in his grasp to make the blood spring from another man's hand. He died of a fever, in February 1719, aged ninety, without having ever had the chance, in all his long life, fall as it was of perilous adventures, to lose one drop of his own blood, excepting on one occasion, when, by accident, he stepped upon a broken knife.

The life and fortunes of an individual are recognized objects of human sympathy; why may not the life and fortunes of a family, which are but an extension of the subject, be so likewise? No one, at least, can well live in Scotland without feeling that a family history may possess much of the interest due to an individual. The grandson of Sir Ewen, the amiable Donald Cameron, "Young Locheil," led out the clan in 1745, and sighed out his life three years after on a foreign strand. Then came forfeiture and dispossession for forty years; but at length a mild and generous government restored the estates to a grandson of the latter, of the same name, whose widow, a daughter of Sir Ralph Abercromby, still survives. The son of the last gentleman is now chief of the Clan Cameron, or Locheil. Colonel Cameron of the 42d regiment, who fell at Waterloo, was a grand nephew of the Locheil of 1745; in consideration of his gallantry, the honour of knighthood was conferred on his father

who only died a few years ago, Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassfern.

We cannot conclude this notice without a cordial tribute of thanks to the gentleman who has brought forward the memoir, and edited it with so much taste and ability.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

THIS periodical continues to sustain a merited reputation for the soundness and novelty of its criticisms on foreign productions, which, but for its notices, would doubtless remain unknown to the bulk of English readers; another trait of character which distinguishes it is a delicacy and propriety of taste, opposed to whatever is gross and reprehensible in manners; and on this account alone, forming a fit mentor on the subject of continental literature.

These happy combinations of character in the Foreign Quarterly, have been afforded no small scope in the number now before us, in which, among other topics of interest, we find that of the American newspaper press fairly brought under notice, and exposed to that scorn which its generally infamous nature so well warrants. The article on this subject may be reckoned the best in the number, and has attracted some attention. Mr Dickens, it will be recollected, alludes to it in his late "Notes on America," and we recommend it, in its entire form, to the perusal of our readers. A few passages may be thrown together, for the benefit of those who will never have an opportunity of seeing the review.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PRESS.

The writer admits, at the outset, that there is a base newspaper press nearer home; that London has its infamous prints, but that the circulation of these papers is miserably low, and is, at all events, confined to the meanest quarters, and the most dissolute class of readers; such prints, therefore, must in no shape be confounded with the general newspaper press of the United Kingdom, which, in the hands of men of character and education, wages no war with the decencies of private life, and "not unworthily represents a great and generous people." We have much pleasure in adding our humble testimony to the truth of the reviewer's remarks on this point. The provincial newspaper press of England and Scotland, with all its faults, is a thing of which the nation at large has reason to feel proud—it shows that public sentiment is healthy at the core.

"On the other hand," observes the reviewer, "what is it that first occurs to us when we turn to the newspaper press of America? If we wish to judge of popular taste by the paper in largest circulation, as in London we should ask for the *Times*, in New York we must ask for the *Herald*. This is a paper published daily, in size more than a single sheet of the *Times*, and about a penny in price. Within the last month, it has boasted of a sale of nearly thirty thousand copies, and strange as it is to detect it in anything approaching to a truth, there cannot in this be much exaggeration. It may be presumed, then, on a fair average to each copy, to have for its readers some hundred thousand citizens of the United States. 'It circulates among all parties, all classes, all sects, all sexes.' Its conductor is thus self-described and named in a very recent publication: 'Owner, editor, proprietor, prophet, head man, head saint, head savior, or head devil, just as you please, J. G. B.' Of the reported private conduct or character of this accommodating person, it is not our intention to speak. It does not interest us, nor would our readers care to know how many times he has been called dog, spat upon, or beaten. Our business is with the broadsheet of lies, the journal in largest circulation through the Union: with the popular print, in whose columns some fifty or a hundred thousand free Americans enjoy the daily freedom of taking part in the loathsome slander of the most respected of their fellow-citizens: with the organ of public opinion, which stabs at all that is eminent in station, in sex, defenceless, or claiming reverence in age: with, in a word, the convicted libeller of all that is manly and decent in that country, from the judge on the bench, to the citizen in his private home.

To describe in any minute detail a publication of this nature, the reader will readily suppose to be something more than difficult; and to succeed in so describing it, would be certainly less than pleasant. It appears (by means, of course, of its evil gains) to have organised throughout the country a very extraordinary and complete system of correspondence, so that, in every chief city of the Union, it has a resident representative. And these are labourers worthy of their hire, being all such reckless libellers of everything decent, and such impudent dealers in everything vile, that the 'head devil' himself must be often hard put to it to keep his scandalous supremacy. The one universally is—Spare no one. Thrust yourselves into whatever home you can get, and everywhere leave your slime. In no direction fail to abuse. Let fly at all; the more eminent your game, the more atrocious the falsehood we want; but fly low as well as high, for the praiseworthy thirst of every free citizen to know his neighbour's affairs, extends to the affairs of every other free citizen, without frivolous social distinction. Never think a scandal can be too malignant. It is to furnish bitterness for a hundred thousand tongues, and what would be anything scant or small towards satisfaction of so many?"

The prosecution of the person who conducts this mass of infamy is of no use; for laws are a dead letter where public feeling is against them; on conviction for libel, a fine is imposed, which he pays, and then

marches off free of damage in public estimation. Having on one occasion libelled two of the judges of New York, he was prosecuted, and stood convicted:

"He had outraged justice in her sanctuary. It was not possible to imagine a stronger case; the presiding judge had denounced it from the bench in language worthy of his office; every father, mother, and husband in America, had an honest interest in the check that might now at last be given to this dishonest miscreant's career; he was to appear next day to receive his punishment; and who could doubt that the law would abate no jot of its power to punish? Who could doubt it? There was not a man in New York that did not know the libeller would escape. With a hundred thousand readers at his back, he had only to snap his fingers at all the law and justice of America." The manner in which he escaped is related by a contemporary print, and throws a curious light over the machinery of popular election in America. "The court consisted of the standing judge, Kent, and two of the city aldermen, Lee and Purdy. A majority rules in the decision. Judge Kent, a man of eminent personal and juridical integrity, thought the crime a heinous one, and that the libeller deserved the severe punishment of imprisonment. But Aldermen Lee and Purdy, *loco-foco* demagogues, through fear of the lash of Bennett's piratical, unsparring paper, and to appease the ire of the vampire, decided that the punishment should be a small fine, and the unprincipled libeller was fined about three hundred dollars, for which he drew his check, and walked out of the court-house, bidding defiance to courts of justice. It has since been stated by the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, that it was a concerted plan to get B—— acquitted. The whole jury panel was exhausted to select a jury who would not convict; District-Attorney Whiting manifested marked indifference in the case; and Aldermen Lee was got on to the bench by trickery. In the regular order of things, Aldermen Benson would have sat in the case, and he would have coincided with Judge Kent." And why, adds the reviewer, "were Aldermen Lee and Purdy afraid of the lash of B——'s infamous paper? Because Aldermen Lee and Purdy were about to become candidates for that popular suffrage wherewith the sober exercise of the solemn duties of the bench is not held incompatible. And why did District-Attorney Whiting manifest marked indifference? Because District-Attorney Whiting was not without sanguine hope of sitting some early day in Congress as representative for the city of New York."

We close with the following emphatic observations. "One of the wisest of the movers of the [American] Revolution always dwelt on the instability of the laws, as what he feared would prove the 'greatest blemish in the character and genius of the American governments.' But he hoped that the influence of manners would gradually correct it. Could he have lived till now, we may imagine his despair. Laws—manners—the great improvers of civilisation in every other land that has pretence to either: supporting each other, correcting and moderating each other, and lifting the people that they serve, gently but surely, in the rank of nations—what is their condition in America? We say that neither can co-exist with a newspaper literature such as we have described: so accessible, so supported, and so utterly unchecked by one single encouraging tendency to the literary talent of the country to exert itself in a different direction. We have not described it unfairly. There are men of character, and of great ability, we know, connected with some of the American journals: we gladly recognise, without reference to party or to circulation, the claims of such prints as the *Washington Intelligencer*, the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York American*; but we also know that in every case respectability has to fight against the want of popularity, and that the most estimable and accomplished of these men, like Judge Noah when in that position, have to sacrifice much that in private life they would most dearly esteem. Party—party—that is still the cry which drowns every voice less loud, and to which every consideration less involved with daily existence must give way. Such a man as Mr Bryant would scorn to invent a calumny, but he is driven by his party to give circulation to it; and to the universal law of universal distrust he is obliged, high-spirited and independent as he is, to make himself a slave. Governor Clinton made no distinction of the peculiar kinds of party, when, some years since, he told the New York legislature, that, at their last election, party spirit had invaded the tranquillity of private life, had violated the sanctity of female character, had visited with severe inflictions the peace of families, had spared neither elevation nor humility, nor the charities of life, nor distinguished public services, nor the fireside, nor the altar. For, in truth, all this we take to be but the maxim of *suspect every body* in its worst and most licentious form, which, in its more decent, all papers are driven to adopt. Its highest living embodiment is in the infamous *New York Herald*, which, worthily followed, as we have seen, by others only less infamous than itself, now traverses the length and breadth of America—read by every one, quoted by every one, patronised by the President, in favour with his government, patted gently by the judges—rampant, reckless, triumphant, without one restraint to its unbridled villany."

PRUSSIAN REGULARITY.

From a country in which the law can scarcely be said to bear up against the despotism of public opinion, we turn to one in which law is everything and public opinion nothing. We here allude to Prussia, whose exact police regulations form a subject of satire to that lively French writer, Alexander Dumas, although they might much more reasonably have suggested improvements worthy of imitation. The *Jeu-d'esprit* occurs in a notice of Dumas's work—"Excursions on the Banks of the Rhine."

"Having entered Prussia," he observes, in his usual dramatic style, "we arrived in the coach-yard just as the horses were put to. There were lucky places in

the interior, which I took, and was putting my ticket into my pocket, when my friend M. Poulain told me, in the first place, to read it.

For the convenience of travellers, it is written in German and French. I found that I had the fourth place in the coach, and that I was forbidden to change places with my neighbour, even with the consent of the latter. This discipline, altogether military, acquainted me, even more than did the jargon of the postilion, that we were about to enter the possessions of his Majesty Frederick William. I embraced M. Poulain, and at the appointed hour we set off.

As I had a corner place, the tyranny of his majesty, the king of Prussia, did not appear altogether insupportable; and I must confess that I fell as profoundly asleep as if we had been travelling in the freest country in the world. At about three o'clock, however, that is to say, just at daybreak, I was awakened by the stoppage of the carriage. I thought at first some accident must have happened; that we were either on a bank or in the mud; and put my head out of the window. I was mistaken regarding the accident, nothing of the kind had happened. We were standing alone upon the finest road possible. I took my billet out of my pocket. I read it once more carefully through; and having ascertained that I was not forbidden to address my neighbour, I asked him how long we had been stationary.

"About twenty minutes," he said.
"And may I, without indiscretion," I rejoined, "take the liberty to ask why we are stopping?"
"We are waiting."
"Oh, we are waiting; and what are we waiting for?"
"We are waiting for the time."
"What time?"
"The time when we have the right to arrive."
"There is, then, a fixed hour for arriving?"
"Everything is fixed in Prussia."
"And if we arrived before the hour?"
"The conductor would be punished."
"And if after?"
"He would be punished in like manner."
"Upon my word, the arrangement is satisfactory."
"Everything is satisfactory in Prussia."

I bowed in token of assent, for I would not for the world have contradicted a gentleman whose political convictions seemed to be so firm. My approbation seemed to give him great pleasure; and emboldened by that, and by his polite and succinct manner of answering my former questions, I was encouraged to put some new ones.

"I beg pardon, sir," continued I; "but will you favour me by stating at what hour the conductor ought to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"At thirty-five minutes past five."
"But suppose his watch goes slow?"
"Watches never go slow in Prussia."
"Have the goodness to explain that circumstance to me, if you please."
"It is very simple."
"Let us see?"

"The conductor has before him, in his place, a clock locked up in a case, and that is regulated by the clock at the diligence office. He knows at what hour he ought to arrive at this or that town, and presses or delays his postillions accordingly, so that he may arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at thirty-five minutes past five."

"I am sorry to be so exceedingly troublesome, sir; but your politeness is such, that I must venture on one question more."

"Well, sir?"
"Well, sir, with all these precautions, how happens it that we are forced to wait now?"
"It is most probably because the conductor did as you did, fell asleep; and the postilion profited of this, and went quicker."
"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, then, I think I will take advantage of his delay, and get out of the coach."
"People never get out of the coach in Prussia."
"That's hard, certainly. I wanted to look at yonder castle on your side of the road."
"That is the castle of Emmaburg."
"What was the castle of Emmaburg?"
"The place where the nocturnal adventure took place between Eichard and Emma."
"Indeed! will you have the kindness to change places with me, and let me look at the castle from your side?"
"I would with pleasure, but we are not allowed to change places in Prussia."

"Poets! I had forgotten that," said I.
"*Ces tiaples de Français il être très paresseux*," [What babblers these French are] said, without unloading his eyes, a fat German who sat gravely in a corner opposite to me, and who had not opened his lips since we left Liège.

"What was that you said, sir?" said I, turning briskly round towards him, and not over well satisfied with his observation.

"*Che ne tis rim chi tort.*" [Nothing—it was a mistake.]
"You do very well to sleep, sir. But I recommend you not to dream out loud: do you understand me? Or if you do dream, dream in your native language."

NEAPOLITAN SKETCHES.

Passing over several clever articles, we arrive at a review of an amusing work on Naples and the Neapolitans, by a German, Dr Karl August Mayer, in which we are presented with some lively pictures of popular manners in the capital of southern Italy. There priests and preaching friars come in for a share of notice corresponding to their great numbers and influence. The reviewer quotes a laughable anecdote of one of these gentlemen.

"Among the mendicant friars, or street preachers, of Naples, are to be found men who exercise an astonishing influence over the lazzaroni. Of one of them, Rocco, a Dominican, a posthumous fame is preserved for witty sayings and happy allusions, which, if collected, would fill volumes. He was reckless whom he attacked, and often said things which, upon any one less popular, would have

drawn down the vengeance of the public authorities; but Rocco was a man of whom even the police stood in awe. One day he was preaching to a crowd in the public market-place. 'This day,' he said, 'I will see whether you truly repent you of your sins.' Thereupon he commenced a penitential discourse, that 'made the hair of the hard-hearted multitude stand upright'; and when they were all on their knees, gnashing their teeth, and beating their breasts, and putting on all imaginable outward signs of contrition, he suddenly cried, 'Now you who truly repent you of your sins, hold up your hands.' There was not one present who did not immediately stretch out both arms. 'Holy Archangel, Michael,' then exclaimed Rocco, 'thou who, with thy adamant sword, standest by the judgment-seat of God, hew me off every hand that has been raised hypocritically.' Instantly every hand dropped, and Rocco poured forth a fresh torrent of invective against the sinfulness and perversity of his audience."

In Naples, there is a universal stagnation of mind; the schools are few in number; the number of holidays is, alone, a sad interruption to study; as for booksellers, Naples contains one hundred and fifty, "a goodly number for a town in which neither authors nor readers can be said to abound; but of these one hundred and fifty, the greater part are mere vendors of invalid volumes, or speculators who buy learning by the pound, and dispose of it at a moderate advance to certain consumers who apply books to purposes more useful than intellectual. Printers, stationers, and bookbinders, are likewise included in the list; and a shop with a tolerable assortment of books does not exist in the whole city. Publishers there are none. Authors, ambitious to see themselves in print, and willing to be at the expense, must be their own publishers, and sell their publications the best way they can. More copies are generally given away than sold; and a stranger, desirous of buying a new work, may often inquire for it in vain at every bookseller's in Naples, unless the author has taken the precaution of leaving a few copies here and there on sale or return. The truth is, that a rigid censorship, entirely in clerical hands, and a heavy duty on all foreign books, are serious impediments in the way of literature. Every octavo volume pays an importation duty of three carlini (rather more than a shilling sterling), every quarto volume pays six carlini, and every folio ten. Thus, while the absence of all protection to literary property prevents booksellers from publishing the works of native authors, the priestly censorship lays its veto on the importation of every work of questionable orthodoxy, either theological or political; and the few flimsy productions of the day that are allowed to creep in, are subjected to a duty much too high to allow a bookseller to import them as a matter of speculation."

CANADA.

We have been favoured with the following letter from Mr R. R.—, a gentleman who, some years ago, emigrated to Canada, and is now visiting his native country. We formerly gave an account of his farming operations in the backwoods, and now are glad to afford a place for his observations on a subject of growing interest to emigrants with a small capital; namely, the preparation of bread-stuffs and other kinds of food for the home market. In a note accompanying the letter, Mr R. speaks of Canadian affairs as follows:—

"Canada is really but very imperfectly known; the expectations of persons of all classes emigrating there are either unreasonable as to benefit, or as to the duties, and service, and labour necessary to be performed, so that the otherwise contented man is soured by finding but half, perhaps, of the advantages he expected, while he has double the amount of energy to put forth and labour to perform. Still, the country, to particular individuals, is a good one, and would be satisfactory to many more who reach it, if they only possessed sufficient knowledge of what they were to expect. This, however, as it applies chiefly to the least educated, is difficult to accomplish, while interested parties make a business of puffing. But the principal point I wish to make your readers aware of (especially for the benefit of small farmers, with two hundred pounds and upwards, who hitherto have failed to perceive a market on which they could surely reckon), is the effect to be expected from the tariff, not only as to prices now, but what the acknowledgment of the principle of *integrality* will lead to hereafter. Our North American colonies, once recognised as integral parts of the empire, and put on a footing of real and not step-children, with as free access to the markets of the mother country as are their obligations to consume her manufactures, will become bound by the best of all ties, namely, self-interest, and the enjoyment of advantages which neither their annexation to the United States nor their own independence for many years could give them. Their want of this, more than local misgovernment, has caused the recent discontents and rebellion, at least in Upper Canada; for if people, for want of markets, were not thriving, all the oratory that could be exerted on the privileges and benefit of British connexion must fail of conviction. The converse of this, I believe, would be equally true, that if, under the autocrat of Russia, a people found themselves more prosperous than their neighbours, all the commendation of free institutions would fall of effect."

D—, 5th November, 1842.

Sir—The privileges conceded to the Canadas by the late tariff, together with the loan of £1,500,000 for the improvement of internal communications, appear to me so fraught with advantage to those possessions, that I am induced to solicit the attention of your readers to the subject, especially those who may have thoughts of emigrating to that province.

When I state, that, previous to the passing of the tariff, the only market for the surplus produce of Canada, with the exception of wheat, was to be found in the demand created by the immigration for the year, it will easily be seen how utterly inadequate the inducement was for capitalists to engage in farming, and how impossible to make any calculation at all encouraging to

the adventurer. The consequence naturally was, that every settler limited his operations to the clearing and cultivating of just such an amount of land as sufficed for the wants of his family; and if some, more enterprising than wise, exceeded that amount (being without the means of labour in the numbers of their own family), the result almost invariably was found to be one of debts and difficulties. No country can be reckoned to be in a healthy state when the staple article of its production cannot pay the capitalist, by hired labour, to raise it. It is not enough that some one year should pay, but that a clear foundation should be seen to exist for a certain profit to the agriculturist upon an average of years. Such could not be the case while the markets were contingent on immigration; and yet such, to the present day, has been the situation of Upper Canada at least, and more or less of the rest of our British-American colonies.

The duties now chargeable on provisions, namely, salt or corned beef and pork, are two shillings per cwt.; on bacon and hams, three shillings and sixpence; on butter, five shillings; cheese, two shillings and sixpence; and lard, sixpence per cwt. The cost of producing and the price required by the grower in Canada to remunerate him, is about threepence per lb. for beef and pork, fourpence per lb. for bacon and hams, sixpence for butter, and the same for lard. By adding one penny per lb. to the cost-price of each of these articles, for curing and barreling, freight, insurance, and duty, &c., you will have the sum required to be obtained in the English market, before it pay the Canadian grower to export them. Now, nothing can be more plain than the above statement; nothing more certain than that, until prices in this country fall below what I have asserted will pay the Canadian, he has a sure and remunerating market. If prices in the colony rise above those in the British market, so much the better for him; it is enough for all purposes of encouragement and calculation, that he can command the latter, and that, until the Canadas become more densely peopled, the prices here are sure to be remunerating.

Any farmer will see from these facts, and what I shall presently mention about the wheat crop, that he can make something approximating to a correct calculation, even before he leaves this country, of the probable profits of pursuing his vocation in Canada. He has only to obtain the price of labour and of a cleared farm, either in fee-simple or to rent; in fact, to enter into the same minutest calculation as he does in Scotland before he rents a farm, to enable him to strike the balance. What I mean to insist on, and to make the prominent object of this communication is, that the great desideratum in all business transactions, namely, a market, which has been hitherto wanting in Canada, but which has now been obtained, has placed the soil of Canada in a position to pay capital employing labour, which before, as a general rule, it did not enjoy.

It will, however, be necessary, to the acquirement of the highest prices by the Canadian farmer, that persons well skilled in the art of curing beef and pork, as well as in making butter and cheese, should go out to him—from Ireland for the former, and from Scotland and England for the latter; as what may have sufficed to preserve those things for his own use, is more than likely insufficient to suit the English market. Better, however, for him will be the erection of large curing establishments, to which his fresh meat may be delivered, or his beasts sold."

Having now shown that the tariff gives the agriculturist in our North American colonies a sure market for his green crops, it remains only to mention, that, by the late resolution of the provincial legislature, imposing a duty on the entry of American wheat into Canada, Canadian wheat, under the assurance of Lord Stanley, will be admitted free into the British ports. This grain can be raised by the colonists for about thirty-six shillings a quarter, and landed in the markets here, in bulk, for about twenty shillings more, making the price necessary to pay fifty-six shillings; but if ground and barreled, and sent here as flour, the advantage to the colonial exporter is considerably greater. Oats and barley are generally at a fair demand in the country itself.

While on the subject of Canada, I may mention that, after an experience of ten years, I consider, that in no country in the world is a poor man, having a good character, and being industrious, so sure to become independent; and it is in this conviction, that I feel every well-wisher to Canada can not only afford to tell the truth, but to see cause for regret that so many, equally interested in its prosperity, should think it necessary to force emigration by exaggerated statements calculated to do harm.

The application of the loan of £1,500,000, mentioned in the first part of this letter, will, for the next three or four years at least, give employment to immigrants as they arrive; at all events, to such as fail to obtain, or are immediately unfit for, agricultural employment.

P.S.—Though I have used the term Canada throughout, I mean these remarks, for the most part, to apply to what was Upper Canada.—R. R."

"IT IS VULGAR."

The following is extracted from Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott":—"Lest I should forget to mention it, I put down here a rebuke which, later in life, Sir Walter gave in my hearing to his daughter Anne. She happened to say of something, I forget what, that she could not abide it—it was vulgar. 'My love,' said her father, 'you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word vulgar? It is only common. Nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon.'"

* I have given the minimum prices in Canada for which the articles mentioned can be raised in a state fit for the English market. I have also assumed the amount necessary to pay the Canadian for landing them, to be the minimum price in the British market for the best of each kind.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

The comparative safety of railway travelling is forcibly shown in the late report of the officers of the railway department, Board of Trade. It is stated that the number of accidents on the railways of the United Kingdom, arising from causes beyond the control of passengers, which occurred in the year 1841, was 29, by which 24 persons were killed, and 72 injured.

The number of accidents which occurred in the same period to individuals, owing to their own negligence or misconduct, was 36, by which 17 persons were killed, and 20 injured. The description given of the several cases in this class, affords proof of the extraordinary recklessness of the individuals who have suffered. "Jumped off after his hat," occurs no less than three times; "jumped off," twelve times; "run over, crossing before a train," occurs six times. There are also several cases of persons killed whilst lying asleep on the rails, and of others killed or injured by falling from trucks on which they had been riding without leave.

The number of accidents which occurred in the same period to servants of the company, under circumstances not involving danger to the public, was sixty, by which twenty-eight persons were killed, and thirty-six injured.

The safety of railway travelling is shown by the small number of persons killed and injured by accidents arising from causes beyond the control of passengers. It would be easy to prove that the mortality and injuries occasioned during the past year by such coach accidents only as are recorded in the newspapers, were greater. Then it must be borne in mind how few persons now travel by coaches; whilst the number who travelled by railway, during the first half of 1841, amounted to no less than 8,901,916! It must not, however, be assumed, that the railway companies are not culpable with respect to the accidents, few though they be, which have occurred. There ought to be no accidents, and on a well-regulated railway there would be none.

THE ROBIN.

Thou comest, by the one, when the summer sky
Hath deepen'd into autumn's richer blue,
When gorgeous sunset clouds come floating by,
Burning with golden, or with crimson hue;
And eve's first planet sparkling in the west,
Beckons the weary day to early rest.
Thou comest, sweet one, when the beech-woods wear
Their richest tinted robe—before decay
Hath touch'd a loveliness, more rich and rare
Than all the young luxuriance of May;
A deeper glow of beauty on them lies;
Their hues seem borrow'd all of sunset skies.
Thou comest with thy song, when gushing rills
Have hush'd the silver murmuring, which made
Music at summer noontide 'mid the hills,
And fill'd with melody the woodland shade.
Summer is gone!—can the bright waters leap
Half so rejoicingly adown the steep?
Thou comest, too, when memories fill the heart
Of brightness banish'd long;
When flowers grow pale, and silently depart,
Their requiem is thy song.
The blackbird's note, the nightingale's soft lay,
And lark's exulting chant, have pass'd away.
Where hast thou been through the bright summer days,
When on the air a thousand songs went by?
Oh! hast thou hush'd or treasured up thy lays,
Quenching thy boom's hidden melody,
To pour it forth with sweeter, richer power,
Gladdening the silence of an autumn hour?
Yes! thus it is—thou comest, and wilt stay
E'en though the dreary winter tarry long,
Mourning, perchance, for summer's glorious day,
Yet ever blending in thy simple song
An undertone of hope, some note which tells
That spring will come again with opening buds and bells.
Oct. 11th, 1842.

NEW WORK OF MESSRS CHAMBERS.

THE "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," which was to consist of 100 numbers, being now completed, Messrs CHAMBERS respectfully announce that they have commenced the publication of the following new work:—

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In the "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," the Editors aimed at presenting a body of scientific and general knowledge suitable to the wants of the middle and labouring classes. While that work may serve to instruct, there is need for another which may tend to refine. In the Literature addressed at the present time to the People, there appears, generally, a lack of something to awaken the higher powers of thought—reflection, imagination, and taste—and to nourish at the same time the finer of the moral feelings. These objects Messrs CHAMBERS believe will be in some measure accomplished by the work now announced; in which will be concentrated the most exquisite productions of English intellect, from Anglo-Saxon to the present times, in the various departments headed by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, by More, Bacon, Locke—by Hooker, Taylor, Barrow—by Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith—by Hume, Robertson, Gibbon—set in a biographical and critical history of the Literature itself. For the self-educating everywhere, such a work will be as a whole English Library fused down into one cheap book. For the more fortunate youth who are undergoing a regular education, it will be that and something besides—an introduction to the Pantheon of English Writers, serving, but in a more systematic way and less exclusive taste, the purpose so long served by Dr Knox's "Elegant Extracts."

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The work will appear in weekly numbers, consisting of a single sheet in royal 8vo., double columns, uniform with the "INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," and costing three halfpence; and in monthly parts at sevenpence. It will consist of not more than 100 numbers, forming two massive and handsome volumes.

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